When I doe count the clock that tels the time,
And ſee the brave day ſunck in hidious night,
When I behold the violet paſt prime,
And ſable curls or ſilver'd ore with white:
When loftie trees I ſee barren of leaves,
Which erſt from heat did canopie the herd
And Sommers greene all girded up in ſheaves
Borne on the beare with white and briſtly beard:
Then of thy beautie doe I queſtion make
That thou among the waſts of time muſt goe,
Since ſweets and beauties doe themſelves forſake,
And die as faſt as they ſee others grow,
And nothing gainſt Times ſithe can make defence
Save breed to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

Falſe beleeſe.

When my Love ſweares that ſhe is made of truth,
I doe beleeve her (though I know ſhe lies)
That ſhe might thinke me ſome untutor'd youth,
Vnskilfull in the worlds falſe forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that ſhe thinkes me young,
Although I know my yeares be paſt the beſt:
I ſmiling, credit her falſe ſpeaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in Love, with loves ill reſt.
But wherefore ſayes my love that ſhee is young?
And wherefore ſay not I, that I am old?
O, Loves beſt habit is a ſoothing tongue,
And Age (in love) loves not to have yeares told.

There-

Therefore ile lie with Love, and Love with
Since that our faults in Love thus ſmother'd

A Temptation.

TWo loves I have, of Comfort, and Deſpaire,
That like two Spirits, doe ſuggeſt me ſtill:
My better Angell is a Man (right faire)
My worſer ſpirit a Woman (colour'd ill.)
To winne me ſoone to hell, my Female evill
Tempteth my better Angell from my ſide,
And would corrupt my Saint to be a Divell,
Wooing his puritie, with her faire pride.
And whether that my Angell be turnd feend,
Suſpect I may (yet not directly tell:)
For being both to me: both to each friend,
I gheſſe one Angell in anothers hell.
The truth I ſhall not know, but live in doubt
Till my bad Angell fire my good one out.

Faſt and looſe.

DId not the heavenly Rhetoricke of thine eye,
Gainſt whom the world could not hold argu
Perſwade my heart to this falſe periurie:
Vowes for thee broke deſerve not puniſhment.

POEMS William Shakespeare LONDON, 1640 THE WARNOCK LIBRARY Octavo